

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

Publisher and Proprietor

VOLUME XXXII.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, SEPT. 15, 1910.

NUMBER 39

INDIAN IS NOT UNDERSTOOD

White Race Has Proved Utterly Unable to Fathom Pride and Philosophy of the Red Man.

Even among the five civilized tribes there still remain many communities wholly full blood. These people drift together, following their own ideas of life, speaking their own language and retiring before the whites with the same strange reserve and pride that characterized them in their wild state.

Although claiming the name of several Christian denominations, and following certain beliefs with devoutness, their ways of thinking, their dislike of innovation and their aversion to work have made them withdraw to the mountain districts. Whether this so-called reserve comes from pride or a distrust of the white man or timidity or merely a stubborn conservatism, it produces the same result; the backward and nonprogressive Indian.

There is, too, a certain mystic quality that holds the Indian aloof, says the Southern Workman; a quality that we do not understand and with which there is little sympathy in our everyday life. He is so much of a philosopher that he looks upon our strenuous life with some contempt, dismissing our efforts for personal comfort and material advancement with the remark that "the white man is heap trouble to himself." White people call him lazy because he does not care to exert himself for these things which seem important to whites, and yet to some religious, ceremonial or some artistic expression his application is persistent and the "patience of an Indian" has passed into a proverb.

FINDS IT HARD TO EXPLAIN

Husband Undoubtedly Meant Well; but He Can't Get His Wife to Believe It.

Just to please his wife a Staten Island man consented to go to a matinee on a day when the only seats they could get in the part of the house she preferred were single seats in different rows, says the New York Sun. When he went in the man promised the usher a quarter if he could get them seats together. At the end of the first act he noticed that the woman sitting beside him appeared detached. His wife looked lonely, so he said:

"Pardon me, are you here alone?" Just then the usher passed. The woman hollered him.

"You must get me another seat," she said. "I cannot sit here any longer. This man has insulted me."

"Sure," said the usher. "We'll fix that all right. Come with me."

The woman said "brute" and followed the usher to the seat occupied by the Staten Island man's wife.

"This lady will change seats with you," said the usher.

"I'd advise you not to sit by that brute," said the indignant stranger.

"He will insult you. He insulted me."

"What did he say?" gasped the wife.

"He asked me if I were alone."

The Staten Island man and his wife saw the play out. Between the acts he tried to explain.

"It was to get you near me," he said. He has been saying the same thing most of his waking moments for the last six weeks, but he hasn't been able to make her believe it.

Perverted Quotations.

More persistent even than the hackneyed misquotation is the verbally inaccurate quotation which is almost universally perverted in meaning. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" is commonly understood as expressing the fraternal sympathy of mankind. But turn up the line in "Trollus and Cressida" and you will discover or rediscover that it only

means that all men are very much alike in one respect, that of liking novelties. A "foregone conclusion" is always used to mean a result which is absolutely certain. Othello meant by the phrase something that had actually been done in the past, which Cassio did over again in a dream. And "to be or not to be" is almost invariably repeated in the sense of "to be done or not to be done," instead of "to exist or not to exist."

Japan's Toy-Shops.

There is no country in the world where there are so many toy shops as Japan. In all towns, and in most of the villages, there is a children's bazaar, and the neighborhood of the principal temples, is crowded with stalls containing things to amuse children. At the great religious festivals even the poorest are to be met with their arms full of toys to take home, and the number of men and women who earn a livelihood by itinerant street shows, got up solely to amuse the children, can be counted by hundreds. These entertainments include theatricals, where brave deeds are performed by heroic warriors, story-tellers, song-singers and comedians. —Wide World Magazine.

Rare Eggs of Familiar Birds. To one not conversant with ornithology the statement that the eggs and nests of some well-known birds remain yet to be discovered must appear surprising. Yet such is the case.

The eggs of the curlew sandpiper, or instance, a bird familiar in Great Britain, were first discovered not so long ago on an island at the mouth of the Siberian river Yenisei.

There are a few other birds whose eggs have not yet been found, since they make their nests in remote regions, although living part of their lives among civilized men. —Harper's Weekly.

TOWN BUILT ON TOP OF ROCK

Ancient Human Habitation Known to Have Been Constructed Many Centuries Ago.

It would undoubtedly be a peculiar sensation to live on top of a mushroom. If the mushroom were of gigantic proportions and were planted so as to overhang the sea, the experience would be very similar to that of living in the town of Acorna, which is three miles south of the Mesa Encantada in Mexico.

The strange mushroom-like rock on which the town stands is a splendid specimen of fantastic erosion, having overhanging sides nearly 400 feet high. The top of the rock is comparatively level, and is about 70 acres in extent. It is indented with numerous great bays, and is pitched with dizzy chasms. The greater portion of it overhangs the sea like an immense mushroom, and the strangest part of all is that it has a town on top.

This town belongs to a past civilization. It is one of the most perfect specimens of the prehistoric Pueblo architecture. With inconceivable labor this town in the air was built and fortified for the safety of its inhabitants. It was reached by a mere trail of toe-holds up the stem of the mushroom. The age of the town is not known, but it was already old in 1540, when the first explorers visited it and wrote an account of its wonders; its people and their strange mode of living. —Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

NOT IN HER SECOND BEST

Aunt Peace Had Retained Some of the Vanities Common to the World.

Quakers believe in a sober garb, but they are by no means without that quality which would be termed vanity in the world's people." Aunt Peace Lawton had this quality to a marked degree.

One day a strolling photographer asked permission to take a picture of the Lawton family, sitting on their velvet lawn. Mr. Lawton gave the permission, but his remarks were not approved by Aunt Peace. When it became evident that her gentle remonstrance had no effect, Aunt Peace said no more, but at the moment when the photographer said "Ready?" and exposed the film, Aunt Peace lifted her spotless handkerchief, spread it to a snowy square, in both hands, hiding her face and head completely.

"Why, Aunt Peace, what made you do that?" asked her nephew, reproachfully, when he had permission from the photographer to speak.

"William," said the old lady, calmly, "If she thinks that I propose to be put in a picture with my second-best cap on and my kerchief sadly in need of an iron she is greatly mistaken." —Our Companion.

Souvenir of Florida.

A young woman who recently returned from a trip to Florida brought with her as a souvenir a small coconut shell on which a human face had been roughly carved with a few strokes of a knife. This carving was said to have been the work of a Seminole Indian, and on this representation the young woman had bought the shell; but she was beset later by some doubt as to the authenticity of the claim. She therefore

asked a well-known collector of Indian

artifacts if he thought the carving really had been made by a Seminole Indian. He examined carefully the faintly-outlined face and handed the shell back to her with the verdict: "Very likely it was. My only reason for questioning it would be that I am not sure a Seminole would do that much work."

Why She Couldn't Accept.

Telephone operators who plug wrong numbers or get the wires crossed sometimes are responsible for very embarrassing situations, as was exemplified by a broker.

The broker called up his home number and said to the person on the other end of the wire:

"Hello, dear, is that you?"

"Yes, I've been thinking about you all morning. I want you to come down town and meet me for lunch and we'll go to a show this afternoon."

"Well, that would be very nice," replied the person on the other end, "and I should dearly love to do so, but my husband is home and I'm afraid he'd object. Don't you think you've got the wrong number?"

A Squirrel Barometer.

A merchant in a western city has a queer barometer—it is a domesticated squirrel. He keeps the little pet in a large paint barrel, all inclosed with the exception of a small round hole in one end. Inside the barrel is a good supply of straw, old paper and leaves. During a run of weather of any kind, hot, cold, wet or dry, the little animal is in and out of the house, keeping an open door.

But should there be a change coming, say 10 or 12 hours off, the squirrel plugs up his hole with the matter from his bed and keeps it closed until the change comes. It is claimed the squirrel never makes a mistake, and that he gives no false alarms to his keeper.

Silencing Hubby.

Young Father (in the future)—Great Britain, were first discovered not so long ago on an island at the mouth of the Siberian river Yenisei.

There are a few other birds whose eggs have not yet been found, since they make their nests in remote regions, although living part of their lives among civilized men. —Harper's Weekly.

State Land Sale

MICHIGAN STATE LAND OFFICE.

LANSING, Sept. 1st, 1910.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following described Primary School Land, situated in the County of CRAWFORD, having been withdrawn from entry by direction of the Public Commission created by Act 280 of the Public Acts of 1909, for purpose of re-appraisal, have been examined and valued, and will be offered to entry by offer for sale at the public auction to be held at the Court House in the Village of GRAYLING, on Tuesday, the 11th day of October, A. D., at ten o'clock in the morning, with time they will be given subject to purchase in the manner

and each purchaser will be required to sign an application containing an agreement to pay such deed and abide faithfully by the said conditions.

HUNTER RUSSELL, Commissioner.

CRAWFORD COUNTY.

Tax Homestead Lands.

Description, Sec. Town, Range.

Outlot No. 1.....1 ZEN.

Outlot No. 2.....1 ZEN.

Outlot No. 3.....1 ZEN.

Outlot No. 4.....1 ZEN.

Outlot No. 5.....1 ZEN.

Outlot No. 6.....1 ZEN.

Entire.....1 ZEN.

N.W. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4.....21 ZEN.

S.E. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4.....21 ZEN.

N.E. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4.....21 ZEN.

W.S. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4.....21 ZEN.

Entire.....21 ZEN.

N.W. 1/4 of S.W. 1/4.....21 ZEN.

S.E. 1/4 of S.W. 1/4.....21 ZEN.

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N.W. 1/4 of S

A Twentieth Century Kingmaker

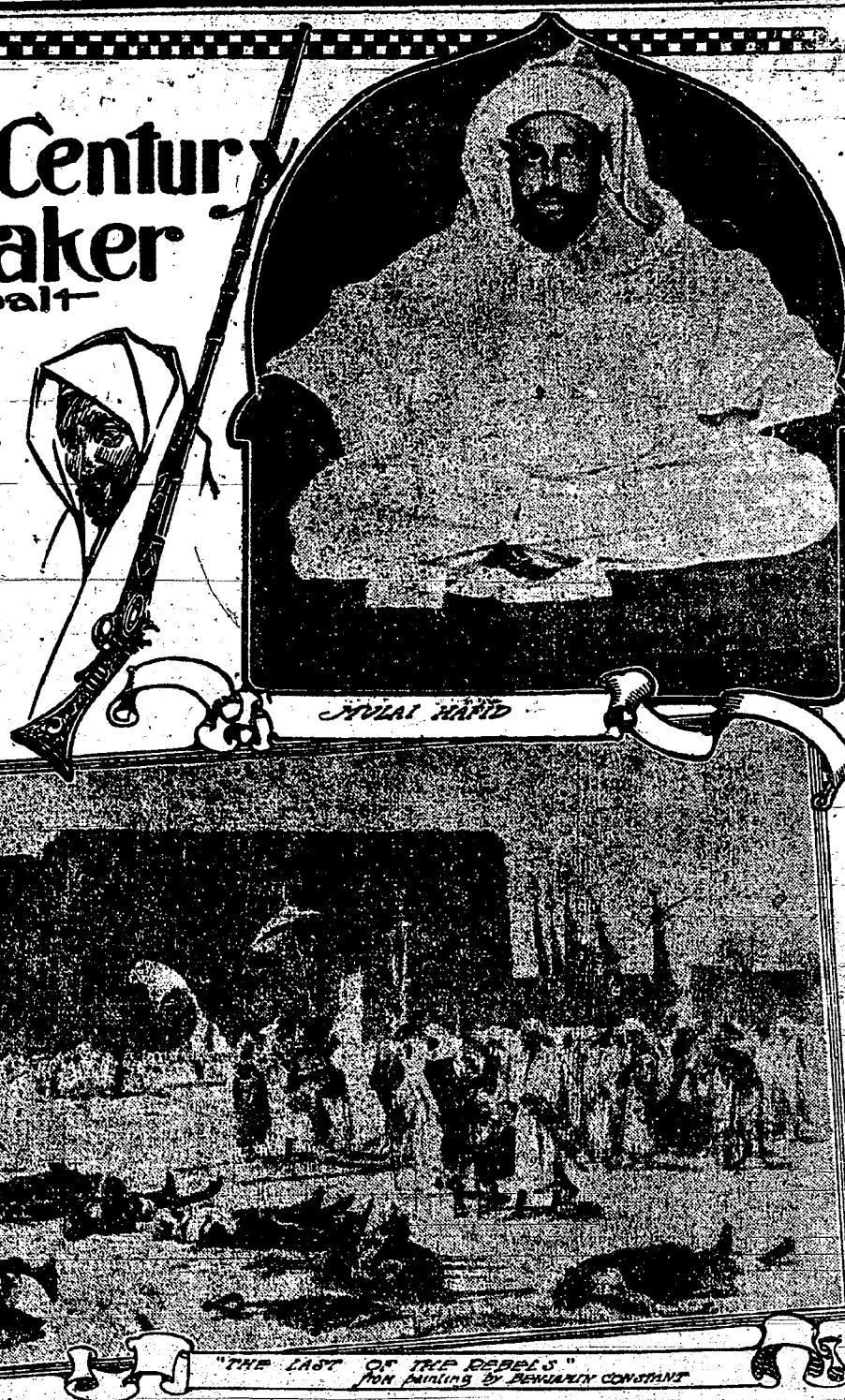
by Fred A. Boalt

Two years ago Andrew Belton, twenty-six years old, went from London to Morocco on an impulse, kicked Aziz off the throne, put Mulai Hafid on it and returned to London by the next boat.

Now he is twiddling his thumbs and waiting for something to turn up in the king-making line. Kaid Belton—to give him his correct title—is the newest thing in twentieth-century kingmakers.

Belton was in South Africa in 1908. He came to London on six months' leave. Two weeks of London foggs and drizzles and the prospect of a half-year of inactivity filled him with disgust.

Then a friend wrote him that he had been commissioned by a syndicate to secure a mining con-



"THE LAST OF THE REBELS"
PAINTING BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT

cession in Morocco from a pretender to the throne named Mulai Hafid. Would Belton like to go along?

He met the friend in Tangier, and the two were joined by a third Englishman, Redman, who had been brought up in Morocco, knew the natives and spoke Arabic fluently.

At Larache, a port eighty miles south of Tangier, they succeeded, by the aid of the British vice-consul, in hiring muleteers to take them to Alcazar, a town twenty miles inland, which was held by the troops of Sultan Aziz.

The sultan had issued an edict forbidding natives to assist Europeans. Their mulatto refused to go further than Alcazar, as the tribes were carrying on the jihad (holy war) against the Christians. So they employed a notorious brigand and horse thief, one Abeslem, to take them through to Fez.

Dressed as Moorish women, the Englishmen reached the gates of Fez on July 13, to be informed that the pretender and his court had arrived three days before.

Next morning they sent a messenger to the grand vizier that three Englishmen desired an audience with the sultan. At noon the following day two soldiers came to them from the vizier and escorted them to a house which had been placed at their disposal at Mulai Hafid's order.

They remained indoors until the 18th, when a mounted escort conducted them to the palace.

Arrayed as Moors of the highest class, they were received by Kaid Moshwar, the master of ceremonies, who carried a tall wand with a silver knob, and who preceded them up a staircase and into a long, narrow room, where, at the further end, sat Mulai Hafid, cross-legged on a dark green velvet couch.

His two viziers, El Ghazi and Si Alissa, were sitting on his left. Walking slowly the kaid advanced to within three paces of the throne, bowed, introduced the Englishmen simply as three strangers anxious for an audience, bowed thrice, and retired a little way.

The pretender smilingly motioned them to be seated on three chairs placed on his right, and then said, "Marabout of him! ('You are well-come')."

Belton's first impression was that he had never seen a handsomer man. This is his description of him: "A very high, broad forehead, with large black eyes full of light, which sparkle with genuine merriment when he is amused; a big, straight nose; fairly full cheeks, a square, resolute jaw, and the firmest of mouths, set off by a black beard and a small mustache. His complexion is a deep olive; and when he stood up I saw he was well over six feet in height, and finely proportioned to a magnificent physique." He came to business at once.

"Why are you in Fez?" he asked.

The concession was named, the price stated, and the pretender ordered Si Alissa to go into the matter further.

"And you?" questioned Mulai Hafid, pointing to Belton.

"I am a soldier," said the future kingmaker.

"I have come to offer my services."

"Allah, Allah!" the pretender repeated very slowly; then asked many questions.

Then came Redman's turn. What did he want? He would be useful to Belton as a khaila (right-hand man).

On the 25th Belton and Redman were again summoned before the pretender, this time in an enclosure close by the palace, where 4,000 troops—infantry, cavalry and artillery—were drawn up and waiting.

"There are some of my soldiers," the pretender said; "see what you can do with them."

The boy—he was little more—was game. The

maneuvers that afternoon were distinctly "smart." At the finish he was given command over 7,000 troops of all arms.

He made those half-wit tribesmen drill as they had never drilled before. He overhauled the arsenals and government stores. He wrote to his commanding officer in South Africa tendering his resignation. He was no longer Lieutenant Belton of a British regiment of infantry; he was Kaid Belton, kaimakam.

The mahala of Aziz—at Alcazar deserted and proclaimed Mulai Hafid sultan. The event swelled the pretender's army by 1,200 fighting men. All through the fall and winter Belton worked on his raw material, and by spring had a superb fighting force, disciplined as well as fearless.

In June of last year Aziz dispatched a strong mahlala to march against Marrakesh. Belton, with 15,000 men and artillery, met the sultan's army within four hours of Marrakesh, routed it with heavy loss, and scattered it. Aziz himself only escaped by hasty flight to Sattia, the nearest French military post, from which he afterwards journeyed to Casablanca under a French escort.

The tribes and towns proclaimed Mulai Hafid sultan amid great rejoicing. He, on learning of the victory of his southern mahlala, notified the diplomatic corps at Tangier of his wish to be recognized by the powers of Europe and assuring them of his readiness to accept the act of Algiers.

The whole of the diplomatic corps, with one exception, ignored the communication. The exception was Dr. Vassel, the German consul, who recognized Mulai Hafid as the rightful ruler of Morocco.

On Sept. 10 Belton received from the hands of Mulai Hafid his commission, gazing him general over the whole of the army and conferring upon him the title of Kaid of Ascan (kaid of the tribes).

Belton was safe in Tangier, but his brother, Mulai Mohammed, whom Aziz had imprisoned when he came to the throne, had been released and was starting another revolution in Casablanca. Army and fleet defeated Mulai Mohammed's army and took him prisoner.

That was in October of last year. On Nov. 18, Mulai Mohammed was brought to Rab el Buchat, where Mulai Hafid was. On the following morning, in the presence of 4,000 of Belton's troops, Mulai Abosem Miani, an uncle of Mulai Hafid, was tried for treason by the courts. He had been in treasonable correspondence with Mulai Mohammed.

Belton broke the power of the bandit tribes and posted back to Fez. He demanded to see the sultan. An audience was refused. He waited days and weeks, repeating his demand. He appealed to the grand vizier, reciting what he had done in the sultan's service. The hardships he had borne and the excitements and the dangers had turned his hair white. His health was broken.

The sultan would not see him, would not explain. He worried, harassed and bullied by the French, who was ashamed to face the young Englishman who had placed him on the throne and confess to him that he had no choice but to let him go.

He decided it would be better to resign at once than to be kicked out later by the French. He tendered his resignation to the sultan through the foreign minister.

The resignation was accepted, presumably with regret—and Belton lost no time in returning to London. Since his return the sultan has conferred on him the insignia of a grand officer of the Order of Mohgreba and Mulai Indrees for distinguished services to the Moroccan empire.

France retaliated by re-establishing the military mission which had been with Aziz at the time of his defeat. This move threatened Belton's su-

ccessor whether or not the one throwing will toss an odd or even number of stones into the trough.

If the guesser says "odd" just as the player starts to throw and an odd number goes into the trough the guesser takes all the stones which go in. If the guesser is wrong he gives to the thrower as many stones from his pile as went into the trough.

Before starting off the players agree on the number of throws each is to have. At the end of the game the person having the most stones or pebbles wins the game. The little children of Arabia like to play odd and even for they spend much of their time out in the sunshine and fresh air.

If ten players wish to take part in the game the long trough is marked off into five parts so two people may play at each section. At the end of the contest the two holding the most peach stones play each other to see who wins the final game. The peach stones won are always put back at the end of each game.

Uncle Called Odd and Even

rough Dug in the Ground and a Contest in the Throwing of Stones.

Two boys may play this game with pebbles, peach stones, plum stones, nuts or acorns. Make a tiny trough in the ground about four inches wide and six inches deep, but as long as possible. Then the players in turn take turns six feet away from the

SEEKS PARTY UNITY

APPEAL IN PRESIDENT TAFT'S RECENT LETTER

Chief Executive Shows How Important It Is to the Country That Republican Government Control Shall Continue.

President Taft's letter to Chairman McKinley has had the effect of placing the campaign on the high level of patriotism and making party unity the stepping stone to party success. In concluding his recital of the results thus far attained by the Sixty-first congress the president says:

"It is of the utmost importance to make this a campaign of education as to facts and to clear away the clouds of misrepresentation that have obscured the real issues and have made it difficult to secure for the Republican majorities in congress the real credit due them from the country for the tremendous task they have accomplished. If this is brought clearly home to all voters, and especially to the young men now voting for the first time, and they become impressed as they ought to be by this record, with the difference in the governmental efficiency and capacity of the Republican and Democratic parties, they will enroll themselves with the party of construction and progress rather than with the party of obstruction and negation.

The great issue, then, is whether the Republican or Democratic party is to be in control of the next house of representatives, and the president has given us all a platform on which to stand, has sounded a keynote and given us rallying ground where all can meet in common cause against an irresponsible political party of incapacity and repudiation. Mr. Taft makes it clear that the constructive work of the Republican party would not only be halted but perhaps annihilated by a Democratic house of representatives.

Regarding the tariff the president reiterates his well-known views expressed at various times during the past year. He emphasizes the turning of a deficit of \$55,000,000 into a surplus of \$26,000,000; calls attention to the splendid operation of the maximum and minimum feature and the work of the tariff board, adding that:

"All Republicans—conservative, progressive and radical—may well abide the situation with respect to the tariff until evidence now being accumulated will justify changes in the rates."

In the absence of other authority one turns with some measure of hope to the campaign book recently issued by the Democratic congressional committee. There is something official Party funds have paid for its printing. It has been compiled by duly authorized agents and editors, and it contains what is to be regarded as the latest orthodox Democratic doctrine.

It is a copious book, having no less than 512 pages. But alas! the reading of it but increases confusion. What will the Democratic party attempt to do if it gets control of the house and senate? It is not stated—not even hinted. There is plentiful

complaint, page after page, of what the Republicans have done, but not a suggestion concerning the line of conduct it is proposed to substitute.

In particularly happy vein does the

president enumerate and discuss the work of the last session of congress: the advanced railroad legislation, the postal savings bank act, the conservation measures and particularly the

laws affecting labor. On this latter point he says:

"The Republican party at the last session of congress again exhibited its deep and sincere interest in the general welfare of the working men and women of the country by adding important enactments to its already long record of legislation on this subject."

And then he mentions the long list of bills passed and pending in the interest of the working classes, adding:

"No more important legislation in the interest of human life has ever been enacted by congress than the laws of the recent session."

They are positively—the best investment possible is a

shrewd scheme stopped run.

Many years ago, in consequence of a commercial panic, there was a severe

run on a bank in South Wales, and the small farmers jostled each other

in crowds to draw out their money. Things were rapidly going from bad

to worse, when the bank manager, in a fit of desperation, suddenly thought him of an expedient. By his

directions a clerk, having heated some

sovereigns in a frying-pan, paid them over the counter to an anxious applican.

"Why, they're quite hot!" said the latter as he took them up. "Of course," was the reply: "what else could you expect? They are only just out of the mold. We are cooling them by hundreds, as fast as we can."

"Curing them!" thought the simple agriculturist; "then there is no fear of the money running short!" With

this their confidence revived, the panic abated, and the bank was enabled to weather the storm.

Vermont Thrift.

Robert Lincoln O'Brien, editor of the Boston Transcript, is a great admirer of the thrift of the Vermonters, but thinks sometimes they carry it too far.

O'Brien was up in Vermont last summer and went to dinner with a friend who had some political aspirations. As they came in the door he heard the lady of the house say to the hired girl: "I see Mr. Jones has somebody with him for dinner. Take these two big potatoes down to the cellar and bring up three small ones."

"It's much to wound a foe—it's more to save him and to win a friend." Eric Mackay.

Brings

Cheer

to the breakfast table

Post

Toasties

with cream.

Crisp, golden-brown "crinkly" bits, made from white corn.

Almost appetizing, convenient, pleasurable breakfast.

"The Memory Lingers."

Potom Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.

WHAT IS TO BE HOPE FOR?

Voters May Well Ask Themselves This Question Before Giving Support to Democrats.

"The size of the Democratic victory that will be announced on the morning of November 9 will be staggering. It will include an overwhelming majority in the house of representatives and a gain of many United States senators. Ohio, the president's own state, will be lost to the Republicans. New York, the state of the ex-president, will be sweepingly Democratic. Majorities will be so large that perhaps will tire of computing them."—New York World, Thursday, August 25, 1910.

If the result is as thus certain, and everything is over except the shouting, it is pertinent to inquire what the country will get as a consequence of the revolution, says the New York Globe. If the overwhelming majority of us are to invest our bullets as indicated what dividends will be paid? What is the Democratic program? What will we be voting in? Practical persons desire an answer to these questions, for political matters affect business, and business conditions affect every man's material welfare.

It is hardly worth while to go back to the Democratic platform to get a statement of Democratic purpose. Mr. Bryan wrote that platform, and recent events have indicated that Mr. Bryan is no longer in command. To what, then, shall we turn for a statement?

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COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS SALUTING COL. ROOSEVELT



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CHEYENNE, WYO.—Typically western was the reception given ex-President Roosevelt in this city, the men and women of the plains vying with each other in demonstrations of welcome. Colonel Roosevelt was deeply affected by the tribute.

Whales Follow a Ship

School of Seventy-five Follow Vessel for Two Hours.

Never Before in Memory of Skippers Were Huge Mammals so Numerous Along Atlantic Coast as at Present Time.

New York.—No vessel passing through the picket line of whales which has patrolled the Atlantic coast from Florida to Maine since July has encountered such a large school as did the schooner Ella L. Davenport, which arrived the other day from Charleston, S. C., with lumber. Never before in the memory of skippers making this port were the huge mammals so numerous as at the present time.

Whalers which formerly were forced to traverse Arctic seas in search of their quarry merely put out to sea nowadays and harpoon their prey.

"I had seen several small schools of whales on the way up," said Captain John F. Dunton, of the Davenport. "None of these schools came very close. But about 20 miles southeast of Winter Quarter Shoal, lightship, down at the Delaware Capes, the largest bunch of 'em I ever saw hove up from the south. It wasn't a school; it was a big university. You can't count whales very well, because as soon as you count one he bobs under, comes up in another place, dives down again and sticks up his spout for another tally."

"But I marked the ocean off into four parts when the whales circulated all around, and gave one quarter to the first mate, one quarter to the second mate, the third quarter to the helmsman and the fourth to my wife. I kept tally on all four. Dividing by three to account for the natural restlessness of the animals, I'm pretty sure that there were at least 75 whales in that university. My wife declares there were 200."

"They didn't do any harm, excepting one that scraped the bottom of

the hull. The schooner rattled down below and settled a little to leeward, but the whale swam from under and the boat righted herself. My wife was pretty badly scared; I can tell you, but I didn't think we'd come to harm. I know a whale will never smash into a ship unless it is attacked first. They're good-natured and seem to know that there's plenty of room in the ocean."

For more than two hours the school accompanied the ship, swimming along in twos and threes, turning, diving, swimming below the surface in all directions, but keeping in the general direction of the Davenport.

After they had escorted the Davenport for nearly ten miles they suddenly headed for the south, and in five minutes were out of sight.

SOCIETY BORROWER MUST GO

Feature of London's Smart Set is Likely to Disappear Under the New Regime.

London.—The "borrower," who has for some years been a feature of London society, is likely to disappear somewhat under the new regime. She, for the borrower is usually a woman, came in with the sporting set, which has had things its own way. She is generally of good family and is an excellent sportswoman, but impudent.

She never borrows money except from members of her family, and she does not really need to do so, as she has to pay for little. She borrows motor cars and weekend cottages. In search of their quarry merely put out to sea nowadays and harpoon their prey.

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PUT SANDALS ON PET DOGS

Latest Unique Fad of London Society Is to Dress Canines in Colored Boots.

London.—Summer sandals are at present being worn by the elite of the canine world.

Doggy's boots are sold in all colors, both serious and gay, and are, as a rule, laced on his feet.

In the summer, however, these boots are somewhat too heavy for their wearers, so sandals are substituted.

"Sandals can be obtained in all sizes," said a dog's outfitter.

"They are similar in shape to those worn by babies, and are made of leather and fastened by a strap, and button-in ordinary sandal-style."

She never borrows money except from members of her family, and she does not really need to do so, as she has to pay for little. She borrows motor cars and weekend cottages. In search of their quarry merely put out to sea nowadays and harpoon their prey.

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Crawford Avalanche.

O. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....	\$1.50
Six Months.....	.75
Three Months.....	.40

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1893.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, SEPT. 15.

Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

Boys, Don't,

Don't forget that you are to be men and husbands.

Don't smoke in the presence of ladies. It is never respectful.

Don't measure your respect to a person by the clothes he wears.

Don't try to make your fortune by easier means than hard work.

Don't speak carelessly of a lady's character. It is her only anchor.

Don't forget that the best and greatest man that ever walked the earth was a boy.

Don't hunt the lady of your choice at a ball, party or picnic. She has certain civilities to pay elsewhere.

Don't fix your stare on the fair ones who pass along the streets. To stare at anyone is not manly at all.

Don't neglect your business. Take pains to do your work well. Good workmen are always in demand.

Don't swear at the opinions of others. You may learn wisdom from those far less pretentious than yourself.

Don't swear. It is not necessary and does no good. It is neither wise, manly nor polite, nor agreeable to others.

Don't grow up to be a soured old bachelor when there are so many true and lovely girls that will make such excellent wives.

Don't flirt with a young lady to whom you are a perfect stranger. It looks most ridiculous; and you may get brushed for it some day.

Don't unnecessarily make enemies. The good will of a dog is better than his ill will. But don't cripple your independence and your individuality to please friends.

Keep up with the wagon. Change your old views and habits for new and better ones when you find them and be always on the lookout for them.

Jealousy.

How fortunate it is that there is not a jealous person among our large family of readers. We do not know of one; do you? Such being the case we can severely censure these jealous people that are to be found in most all other communities. The first boy ever born was jealous. If you remember Cain took a rough stick and killed his brother Abel because he was jealous. The sacrifice of Abel had been accepted while Cain was rejected. Jealousy is simply a grief we experience on account of the superiority of others. There is superlativity in talent, wealth, beauty, virtue or social or political recognition. It is the shadow of other people's success which clouds our lives. It is the thunder of our neighbor's popularity which sour's the milk of human kindness in us. It is the father and mother of half the woes and crimes of the human race.

When you hear a man or woman abused, drive in on the defendant's side. Watch for excellencies in others rather than for defects, inspiring glories instead of night-shades. If some one is more beautiful than you, thank God that you have not so many perils of vanity to contend with. If some one has more wealth than you, thank God that you have not so great a stewardship to answer for. If some one gets a higher office in church or state you can thank God there are not so many to wish for the handing over of your objectives. If you are assailed by jealousy take it as a compliment, for people are never jealous of a failure. Substitute for jealousy an elevating emulation. See others industrious—let us work more hours. Life is short at the longest; let it all be filled up with helpfulness for others work and sympathy for each other's misfortunes and our arms full of white mantles to cover up the mistakes and failures of others. Surely this world is large enough for you and all your rivals. God has given you a work to do. Go ahead and do it. Mind your own business. In all circles, in all kinds of business, in all professions there is room for straightforward success.

What To Teach Girls.

Teach her that 100 cents make a dollar.

Teach her to arrange the parlor and library.

Teach her to say "No" and mean it or "Yes," and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress and to wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend garters.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely, as well as injurious to health. Teach her to regard the morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truism: "That the more she lives within her income the more she will save and the further she will get away from the poor-house."

Teach her that good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk, or teacher without a cent, is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

When most people are not talking medicine to cure them, they are eating something to make them sick.

Don't Break Down.

Severe strains on the vital organs, like strains on machinery, cause break downs. You can't over-tax stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels or nerves without serious danger to yourself. If you are weak or rundown, or under strain of any kind, take Electric Bitters the matchless, tonic medicine. Mrs. J. V. Van de Sande, of Kirkland, Ill., writes: "I did not break down, while enduring most severe strain, for three months, due wholly to Electric Bitters." Use them and enjoy health and strength. Satisfaction positively guaranteed. See at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Pioneer Citizen Gone.

A long and useful life is peacefully closed. Augustus H. Anilis passed away. The tolling bell early Saturday morning announced the death of one of Crawford County's foremost citizens.

For many months Mr. Anilis had been a sufferer of heart disease. All that medical science could do was done for him but without avail, and about eleven o'clock Friday night he passed quietly into the last dreamless sleep.

Mr. Anilis was born in Washington Co., Ind., Feb. 1, 1855, and was the son of Jas. W. and Elizabeth Anilis.

When a boy he moved with his parents to Northern Indiana and located in St. Joseph Co. He was the 9th in the family of 17 children which have all passed away except three, two sisters and a brother. Mrs. Eliza Huff of Breanam, Ind., Mrs. Elizabeth of Elkhart, Ind., and John D. Anilis of River Falls, Wis. He was raised on a farm, and was given only such education as the public schools in that day afforded. He took up the carpenter's trade and followed it until he was married, and then agriculture and lumbering for a number of years.

In 1881 he was united in marriage with Miss Nancy J. Kirkendall of Indiana who survives him; to them were born ten children, Clara, Estella, Milton and Laura, deceased; Jasper E. and Minnie (Newman) of South Bend, Indiana; Ada (Dowen) of Adrian, Mich.; Annie (Krisch) of Kalkaska Co., Mich.; George R. and Rosette Manning of Crawford Co., Mich.

In the year 1882 he moved to Michigan and settled in Crawford Co. and resided there on his farm until death.

In politics Mr. Anilis was a stalwart Republican, he was a member of the Ancient Order of Gleaners also of the G. A. R. Post in Gravling.

He enlisted in Co. C, 7th Ind. Infantry and served from 1862 until the close of the war. First as a private then a corporal and at the close he received an honorable discharge from the ranks as a sergeant.

He was an enterprising citizen and was always ready to assist in any way or worthy cause, and will be greatly missed in the community where his long and useful life was spent.

Funeral services were held at the residence Monday Sept. 13th, conducted by Rev. J. H. Fleming, Pastor of the Gravling Presbyterian church.

Obituary.

August 11, Anilis for twenty eight years resident of Beaver Creek township, passed away at his home on the tenth instant after a lingering illness.

Mr. Anilis served as a soldier in the 7th Indiana Infantry, and was a member of the Marvin Post G. A. R. of Gravling. He was also a social member of the Gleaners. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss, besides a brother, two sisters and six adult children, two sons and four daughters.

Services were held at the home on Monday at 1:30 p. m. and were largely attended. The Gleaners of Beaver Creek assisted at the burial, which with the local choir at the home and at the burial rendered the services very impressive.

The floral decorations were beautiful and testified to the large place the deceased occupied in the affection of the people and of his immediate family.

Rev. J. Humphrey Fleming conducted the sermon service at the home and cemetery ably assisted by the friends and neighbors of deceased.

Which Is Entirely Different.

It is true as the Richmond Virginian says, that no man is a hero to his stereographer, but often he becomes his husband. Charleston News and Courier.

THIRD, YET GREATEST!

The Third Annual Industrial Exposition and Fall Festival of the Saginaw Wholesalers' Manufacturers' to be held in the Auditorium September 16 to 24 vastly exceeds the other two, and they were some Expositions.

Greater Attractions and Offerings in every department and many new features added.

NEVER have the people had this opportunity to enjoy CREATOR'S BAND—the greatest in the world for so little money. Two concerts daily.

THE EXHIBITS will be greater in variety and more gorgeously dressed than in any similar display. The color and decorative scheme is a Novelty.

THE VENETIAN NIGHT will be a dream of beauty, a poem o color and animation, unmatched anywhere.

THE varied products of the Third City will be displayed in tempting array and will make an educational feast, pleasing and profitable.

THIS entire nine days will be filled with Mirth and Music—Joy will be the only Sovereign—A Wonderful Panorama of River Rides and Races—Auto Drives—Civic Parades—Industrial Pageants—Illuminations—A host of other.

REDUCED rates by transportation companies makes the trip inexpensive—the attractions make it enjoyable.

IT IS BETTER TO COME THAN TO WISH YOU HAD!

SAGINAW SEPTEMBER 16 TO 24, 1910.

The Call of Joy.

The Industrial Exposition And Fall Festival at Saginaw September 16 to 24 has a potent lure to those seeking the new, joyous, theirthful, without sacrificing the proper dignity of a big city. The wide variety of its displays and the great diversity of its attractions cover a field broad enough to offer many things to every individual.

The Exposition itself is at once a school, an object lesson and a mart, to which is added the great magnet of CREATOR'S BAND—the greatest in the world—discouraging melody in two peerless concerts daily.

There will be great parades of all sorts, by land and water. There will be races on the river by water craft of every description; there will be a parade of illuminated boats, touched with the magic of colored fire and rainbow rockets, an enchanted view of the Orient, making as seems unattainable anywhere. There will be opportunities for Auto rides. River trips there will be Illuminations and an unnumbered host of the attractions of a big city. The reduced rates by rail and boat make it easy to come and the attractions give you the longer habit.

You will be glad you came.

Choice Meats

Fresh or Smoked.

Delivered to Your Kitchen

Phone No. 2

Have you tried our Home-Smoked Hams?

We sell them whole or sliced.

Yours for the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Michigan Central EXCURSION

Sunday

Sept. 18, 1910

(Returning same day)

To

Bay City

\$1.40

Saginaw

1.60

Special Train leaves 7:00 a. m.

In addition to above fares tickets will also be sold between all stations (where the one-way fare is \$3.00 or less) at which this train is scheduled to stop, at one and one-half fare for the round-trip, with minimum of twenty-five cents.

FOR PARTICULARS CONSULT AGENTS.

\$6.05

DETROIT

AND RETURN

for the

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR

Going September 19 to 23 inclusive, returning to reach original starting point not later than midnight of Sept. 26th, 1910.

For particulars, consult Ticket Agent

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the

County of Crawford

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling in said county, on the sixth day of September A. D. 1910.

Present Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John L. Lorraine, deceased.

Joseph J. Royce, administrator of said estate having filed in said court

his petition, praying for license to sell

the real estate therein described at public

sale for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased.

It is ordered that the third day of October A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place to show cause why a license to sell the

interest of said estate in said real

estate should not be granted.

It is further ordered that public notice thereof be given by publication of

a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of

hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche,

a newspaper printed and circulated

in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTISON,

Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

Wellington Battison,

</

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, SEPT. 15

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows, to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday forenoon, and can not be considered later.

FOR SALE—About 1500 pounds of corn stalks. Inquire of F. C. Barnes.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Our fall opening will be Thursday Sept. 22, 1910. Everybody cordially invited. Grayling Merc. Co.

Let me quote you a price on Royal or Asbestos Roofing, put on F. R. Deckrow.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with SALLING, HANSON COMPANY

Our fall opening will be Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910. Everybody cordially invited. Grayling Merc. Co.

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street, F. R. Deckrow.

For plastering and other mason work and estimates of work in my line, call or address Wm. Fairbotham, Grayling, Mich.

Our fall opening will be Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910. Everybody cordially invited. Grayling Merc. Co.

FOR SALE—1500 Cabbage Heads, at 5 to 25¢ a head. 75 bushels of Tomatoes, ripe 75¢ green 50¢ a bushel. 100 bushel Potatoes 65¢ a bushel at John H. Cook, City Phone 444.

The foundation for the new Hospital is completed and the superstructure will be rushed with a double crew of mechanics so as to have it completed before the advent of winter.

Santovar coffees are always good. If you have not tried the Santovar Southern coffee at 25 cents a pound, you have not tested the best coffee for the price. There is done what is possible to do to save its strength and flavor and it is packed in 1 lb. tins. Salling, Hanson Co.

Your complexion, as well as your temper, is rendered miserable by a disordered liver. By taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets you can improve both. Sold by all dealers.

The Sunday School of the Presbyterian church will meet in the Pastor's home next Sunday at the usual hour. It is expected that on the following Sunday the church will be ready for use.

T. Wakeley was in the village Monday, the first time for many months. He is looking much better than for the last year. He took the Tuesday train for West Branch to attend the Soldier's Reunion.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is today the best known medicine in use for the relief and cure of bowel complaints. It cures griping, diarrhoea, dysentery, and should be taken at the first natural looseness of the bowels. It is equally valuable for children and adults. It always cures. Sold by all Dealers.

Rev. J. Humphrey Fleming left on the morning train Wednesday to attend the Semi-Annual meeting of the Saginaw Presbytery, which convenes in the First Presbyterian church of Saginaw tonight at 8:30.

P. L. Brown has the cement work under the Presbyterian church nearly completed, which will be a great convenience for the society when the basement is finished, for their social and business gatherings.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon after the child becomes hoarse, and after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Sold by all dealers.

Appreciating our needs, and judging our appetite by his own, Conradi Countryman, in charge of the Poor Farm, has brought us a sack of sweet corn, as large and fine as we ever saw. It was grown on the worthless? plains of Crawford County, and the yield is all that can be desired.

For a full line of fall samples of dress goods, handkerchiefs, lace curtains, and blankets, also of fancy work. Call on Mrs. L. Brolin, phone 613. Aug 11-12.

"Can be depended upon" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by all dealers.

The wrestling match at the opera house Saturday evening was abruptly ended by the referee G. W. Amidon and decision rendered in favor of Jess Ferguson who threw his opponent, Clyde North, of Vanderbil, in the first bout. Evidently realizing that he was outlawed, when they returned to the ring North began a slugging match, which Mr. Amidon would not allow and stopped with prompt admonition. Beginning the same tactics a second time, the referee called the exhibition over, to the satisfaction of the respectable audience who were present.

Our fall opening will be Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910. Everybody cordially invited. Grayling Merc. Co.

The local Base Ball Team went to West Branch yesterday. We have not learned the score yet.

John LaMothe of Maple Forest returned last week from Detroit where he has been working all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Brink attended the Annual reunion of the Soldier's and Sailor's Association of N. E. Mich. at West Branch, yesterday.

The Republican County Convention is in session, for the election of delegates to the state convention, as we go to press. A report will be published next week.

Peter Lovely of Maple Forest, who is 80 years old cut an acre and a half of hay in 5 hours time and was just as smart when he got through as he was when he started.

The Citizen's Band, "The Best," took the morning train yesterday, for West Branch, to "toot" for the Soldiers who are holding their annual reunion in that city.

A Peacock, with unpronounceable name, was badly beaten in the highway northeast of Frederic last week, and robbed of a ten dollar bill which was all the money he had. As yet there is no clue of the highwayman.

The M. & N. E. R. R. will run an excursion to Manistee, Sunday, from their Lake St. Depot. The ball team will play the Manistee "Records" on that day. It is expected to be the largest excursion they have run this summer.

It was hoped that the Presbyterian church, which has been for some time undergoing repairs, would be ready for use next Sunday, but Contractor Brown assures us that we may be sure it will be ready the following Sunday, Sept. 25th.

Street Commissioner Nelson, not

realizing the appetite which we have inherited from Dutch ancestry, only brought us one cabbage for our winter supply, and that only weighed 19 pounds. He has over 2,000 of the same kind, though N. E. Mich., is a failure in the line of agriculture?

In a little patch of Alfalfa, H. Head of South Branch has a single root bearing a full hundred branches, many of which are over eight feet in height, and so loaded with seed that he will guarantee at least four quarts from that single root. The seed was sown two years ago this fall on a little patch of ground near his dwelling, with no special preparation, the surface being merely scraped away with his foot, the seed scattered, and covered with the earth in the same manner.

The plant will be exhibited at the World's Fair Congress, at Chicago, this fall. Hurrah! for N. E. Michigan.

To the Voters of Crawford County.

Just a word to express the appreciation and gratitude I feel to the Republican voters of Crawford County for the majority vote given me for Representative in Congress at the Primary election.

Your loyalty will always be a cherished memory and I shall ever strive to serve my district in a manner that will do credit to the friends who have favored me with their confidence and their votes.

Gratefully and Cordially Yours,
GEO. A. LOUD.

School Notes.

The third grade has an enrollment of 51.

Napoleon Burnell left this week to attend school at Gaylord.

The total enrollment for the school is 418.

The enrollment for the High School is 59.

The High School held a Foot Ball meeting and expect to have a fast team.

M. E. Church.

Sunday, Sept. 18, 1910.

The services at the M. E. church for next Sunday are as follows:

10:30 a. m. public services. Subject "Prayer."

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

3:00 p. m. Junior League.

6:30 p. m. Epworth League. Subject "Two Ways of Reading the Bible and Their Results." Leader—Miss Nora Gustav.

7:30 p. m. Public Service. Subject "Prayer for a Revival."

7:30 p. m. Thursday general prayer meeting.

The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

JAMES IVEY, Pastor.

II. Saved His Leg.

"All thought I'd lose my leg," writes J. A. Swenson, of Watertown, Wis. Ten years of eczema, that 15 doctors could not cure, had at last laid me up again. Buckland's Aronica Salve cured it, sound and well. Infallible for Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Boils, Fever Sores, Burns, Scalds, Cuts and Piles. 25¢ at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Card of Thanks.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to kind neighbors and friends who so faithfully helped us during the long sickness of our husband and father.

To Rev. Mr. Fleming for his laying words of comfort and for the beautiful flowers sent by friends and Order.

MRS. A. H. ANNIS, and FAMILY.

For Sale.

My livery barn and stock, Carriages, Sleighs, Harness, Robes and everything used in the barn in connection with the business is for sale, at right price. Call and examine, or write to Geo. Langevin, Grayling, Mich.

To all who so kindly assisted in the collecting and shipping of the car of papers by the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church, they extend their sincere thanks.

A nice little sum was remitted from this work, which will be used toward the repairing and decorating of the church, making it more attractive for all who may come to worship there.

Base Ball.

Grayling vs Schemm's

A very small crowd met at Association Park to see Grayling get badly trounced. Dyer was in the box, and it is certain that he did not play very good ball. Spencer for Schemm's was the novelty of the day for he pitched good ball. W. Laurant was put in the box for Grayling in the 7th inning.

Score by Innings:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Grayling 0 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 1

Schemm's 0 5 0 0 0 4 0 0 9

Batteries: Grayling, Dyer and Casey

Schemm's, Spencer and Boyd. Umpire Kraus.

Sunday afternoon a somewhat larger crowd met at Association Park to see one of the fastest game that was ever played here between Grayling and Schemm's of Saginaw. Johnson

was put in the box for Grayling and he pitched excellent ball, having some

very good support, winning out very easily.

Score by Innings:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Grayling 2 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 3

Schemm's 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2

Batteries: Grayling Johnson and Lee,

Schemm's, Barth and Boyd. Umpire Rosenske.

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The COAST of CHANCE

BY ESTHER
E. LUCIA
CHAMBERLAIN
ILLUSTRATION BY JACKIE
SIGNED: JACKIE

SYNOPSIS:

At a private view of the Chatworth per-
sonalities, Kerr mysteriously disappears.
Harry Cressy, who was present, describes
the ring to his fiancee, Flora Gilsey, and
he and Flora return to the party. Kerr ap-
pears like a heathen god with a beautiful
sapphire set in the head. Flora discov-
ers an unfamiliar mood in Harry, espe-
cially when he rides. Kerr, however,
attends "ladies' night" at the club and
meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman. It comes
out that the missing ring has been known
as the "Crew Idol."

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Flora had a bewildered feeling that
this judicial summing up of facts
wasn't the sort of thing the evening
had led up to. She couldn't see, if
this was what it amounted to, why
Harry had changed his mind about
telling them at the dinner table. She
could not even understand where this
belonged in the march of events in
their story, but Clara took it, un-
clipped it out, and fitted it into its
place.

"Then there will be pressure—
enormous pressure, brought to bear
to recover it!"

"Oh-oh!" Buller drew out the syllable with unctuous relish. "They'll
fin the town inside out. They'll do
worse. There'll be a string of detective
trials across the country—yes, and at
intervals to China—so tight you
couldn't step from Kalamazoo to Osh-
kosh without running into one. The
chap who took it will play a lone
game; and to do that—Lord knows
there aren't many who could do
that—he'll have to be a—a—"

"Farrell Wand?" Flora flung it out
as a challenge among these prosaic
people; but the effect of it was even
sharper than she had expected. She
singed, she saw them all start; that
Harry squared himself, that Kerr met
it as if he swallowed it with almost
a facial grimace; that Judge Buller
blazed it hard in the face—the most
bothered of the lot. He came at it
first in words.

"Farrell Wand?" He felt it over, as
if, like a doubtful coin, it might have
ring false. "Now, what did I know
of Farrell Wand?"

"Farrell Wand?" Kerr took it up
rapidly. "Why, he was the great John-
nie who went through the Scotchard
Yard men at Perth in '94, and got off.
Don't you remember? He took a
great assortment of things under the
most peculiar circumstances—took the
Tilton emeralds of Lady Tilton's neck
at St. James."

"Why, Harry—you—" Flora began.
"You told me that," was what she had
meant to say—but Harry stopped her.
Stopped her just with a look; with a
nod; but it was as if laid shaken his
head at her. His tawny lashes, half-
dropped over watching eyes, gave him
more than ever the look of a great,
still cat—domestic, goodhumored,

cat, but in sight of legitimate prey,
his eyes went back to Kerr with a
sense of bewilderment. His voice was
still going on expansively, brilliantly,
juggling his subject.

"He knew them all, the big-wigs up
in Parliament, the big-wigs on change,
the little duchesses in Mayfair, and
they all liked him, asked him, dined
him, and—great Scott, they paid
pald in hereditary jewels, or the
shock to their decency when the thing
came out—but, poor devil, so did he!"

And through it all, Buller gloomed
smiling, with out-thrust underlip.

"No, no," he said slowly, "that's
not my connection with Farrell Wand.
What happened afterward. What did
they do with him?"

Kerr was silent, and Flora thought
his face seemed suddenly at its sharp-
est.

It was Clara who answered with an
other question. " Didn't he get to the
colonies? Didn't he die there?"

Judge Buller caught it with a snap
of his fingers. " Got it?" he triumphed,
and the two men turned square
upon him. " They ran him to earth in
Australia. That was the year I was
there—no, I got a snapshot of him
at the time."

It was now the whole table that
turned on him, and Flora felt, with
that unanimous movement, something
crucial, the something that she had
been waiting for; and yet she could
in no way connect it with what had
happened, nor understand why Clara,
why Harry, why Kerr above all should
be so alert. For more than all he
looked expectant, poised, and ready
for whatever was coming.

"What sort of a chap?" he mused
and fixed the judge a moment with the
same stare that Flora remembered
to have first confronted her.

"What sort? Sort of a criminal,"
the judge smiled. "They all look alike."

" Still," Clara suggested, "such a
man could hardly have been or-
dinary."

"In the chain-gang—oh, yes," said
Buller with conviction.

"Oh! Then the picture wasn't
worth anything."

"Why, no," Buller admitted slowly,
"though come to think of it, it wasn't
the chain-gang either. They were
taking him aboard the ship. The
crowd was so thick I hardly saw him,
and—only got one shot at him. But
the name was a queer one. It stuck
in my mind."

"But then," Clara insisted, "what
became of him?"

"Oh, gave them the slip," the judge
chuckled. "He always did. Reported
to have changed ships in mid-ocean.
Hal, is that another bottle?"

Harry stretched his hand for it, but
it stayed suspended—and, for an in-
stant, it seemed as if the whole table
waited expectant. Had Buller's cam-
era caught the clear face of Farrell
Wand, or only a dim figure? Flora
wondered if that was the question.

Harry wanted to ask. He wanted—
and yet he hesitated, as if he did not

quite dare touch it. He laughed and
filled the glasses. He had dropped
his question; and there was no one at
the table who seemed ready to put
another.

And yet there were questions there,
in all the eyes, but some impassable
barrier seemed to have come between
these eager people, and what, for in-
calculable reasons, they so much
wanted to know. It was not the gen-
eral indifference with which Buller had
dropped the subject for the approach-
ing bottle. It seemed rather their
own timidity that withheld them from
touching this subject which at every
turn produced upon some one of the
eager three some fresh startling effect
the others could not understand. They
were restless; Clara notably, even
under her calm.

Flora knew she was not giving up
the quest of Farrell Wand, but only
setting it aside with her unfailing
thrift, which saved everything. But
why, in this case? And Harry, who had
been so merry with the mystery at
dinner—why had he suddenly tried to
suppress her, to want to ignore the
whole business; why had he hesitated
over his question, and finally let it fall?
And why, above all, was Kerr
so brilliantly talking to Ella, in the
same way he had begun at Flora herself?
Talking at Ella as if he hardly
saw her, but like some magician fling-
ing out a brilliant train of pyrotec-
nics to hypnotize the senses, before
he proceeds with his trick. And the
way Ella was looking at him—her
bewildered alacrity, the way she strug-
gled with that was being so rapidly
shot at her—appeared to Flora the
protoype of her own struggle to
understand what reality these appear-
ances around her could possibly
shadow.

Often enough in the crowds she
moved among she had felt herself
lonely and not wondered at it. But now
and here, sitting among her close,
intimate circle, her friends and her
lover, it seemed like a horrible ob-
session—yet it was true. As clear as if
it had been shown her in a revelation
she saw herself absolutely alone.

CHAPTER III.

Encounters on Parade.

Flora, before the mirror, gayly stab-
bing in her long hairpins, confessed to
herself that last night had been queer,
as queer as queen could be; but this
morning, luckily, was real again. Her
fancy last night had—yes, she was
afraid it really had run away with
her. And she turned and held the
hand-mirror high, to be sure of the
line of her tilted hat, gave a touch to
the turn of her wide, close belt, a flirt
to the frills of her bodice.

The wind was lightly rustling and
pulling out the muslin curtains of the
windows, and from the garden below
came the long silvery clash of eucalyptus
leaves. She leaned on the
high window-ledge to look downward
over red roofs, over terraced green,
over steep streets running abruptly to
the broken blue of the bay. She
tried to fancy how Kerr would look
in this morning sun. He seemed to
belong only beneath the high arti-
ficial lights, in the thicker atmosphere
of evening. Would he return again
with renewed potency, with the same
singular, almost sinister charm, as a
wizard who works his will only by
moonlight? When she should see him
again, what, she wondered, would be
his extraordinary mood?

It was Clara, standing at the foot of
the stairs, who belonged to the morn-
ing, so brisk, so fresh, so practical
she appeared. She held a book in her
hand. The door, open for her imme-
diate departure, showed beyond the
descent of marble steps, the landau
glistening black against white pav-
ements. It was unusual for this formal
vehicle to put in an appearance so
early.

"I am going to drive over to the
Purdies," Clara explained. "I have an
errand there."

Flora smiled at the thought of how
many persons would be having er-
rands to the Purdies now. It was re-
freshing to catch Clara in this weak-
ness. She felt a throb of it herself
when she recalled the breathless mom-
ent at the supper-table last even-
ing. " Oh, that will be a heavenly
drive," she said. "Please ask me to
go with you. My errand can wait."

"Why, certainly. I should like to
have you," said Clara. "But if she had
returned a flat, 'no,' Flora would not
have had a drier sense of uneasiness.
Still, she had gone too far to retreat."

Mischief reflections of the doc-
tine—the Englishman had started her
with the right before flickered in her
mind as they drove from the door.
Was this part of the "big red game,"
not being accommodating, nor so very
polite? The streets were still wet
with early fog, and turning in at the
Presidio gate, the cypresses dripped
dankly on their heads, and hung out
cobwebs pearly with dew. She was
sure, even under their drippings, that
the "damnable dust" was alive.

Down the broad slopes—that were
swep by the drive all was green to
the water's edge. The long line of
barracks, the officers' quarters, the
great parade-ground, set in the flat
land between hills and bay, looked
like a child's toy, pretty and little.
They heard the note of a bugle, thin
and silver clear, and they could see
the tiny figures mustering; but in her
preoccupation it did not occur to
Flora that they were arriving just in
time for parade. But when the car-
riage had crossed the viaduct, and
swung them past the acacias, and
around the last white curve into the
white dust of the parade-ground, Flora
turned, as if with a fresh idea.

Yet through all—even when she was
not looking at him—she was aware of
Harry's restlessness, of his impa-
tience; and as the last company
swung barrackward, and the cloud
began to settle over the empty field,
he snapped his watch-case smartly,
and remarked, " Still no major."

" Why, there he is now!" Mrs. Pur-
die screamed, pointing across the pa-
rade-ground.

The carriage stopped under the
scanty shadow of trees that bordered
the walk to the officers' quarters.
Clara, book in hand, alertly re-



"Harry, I Believe You Are Out Here About the Crew Idol, Too!"

"I'll just run up to the Purdies and
leave this," she said.

"Then she really did want to be rid
of me," Flora mused, as she watched
the brisk back moving away; "and
how beautifully she has done it!"
Her eyes followed Clara's little figure
retreating up the neat and narrow
board walk, to where it disappeared
in overhanging depths of eucalyptus
trees. Further on, beyond the trees,
two figures, smaller than Clara's in
their greater distance, were coming
down. Flora almost grimmed as she
recognized the large linen umbrella
that Mrs. Purdie invariably carried
when aboad in the reservation, and
presently the trim and bounding figure
of Mrs. Purdie herself, under it.

The Purdies were coming down to
parade—at least Mrs. Purdie was. But
the tall figure beside her—that was
not the major. She took up her lorgnon.
It was—no, it could not be—yet surely
it was Harry! Lazy Harry, up and

out, and squiring Mrs. Purdie to the
review at half past ten in the morning.
Are we all mad?" Flora thought.

The three little figures, the one going
up, the two coming down, touched
opposite fringes of the grove—dis-
persed within it. On which side
would they come out together? Flora
wondered. They emerged on her side
with Harry a little in advance. He
came swinging down the walk
straight toward her, and across the
road to the carriage, his hat lifted, his
hand out.

"Well, Flora," he said, "this is
luck!"

"What in the world has got you out
so early?" she called him.

"Came out to see Purdie on bus-
ness, and here you are all ready to
drive me back."

"That's your reward."

He brushed his handkerchief over
his damp forehead. "Well, there's one
coming to me, for I haven't found
Purdie."

Her eyes were dancing with mis-
chief. "Harry, I believe you're out
here about the Crew Idol, too!"

He shook his head at her, smiling.
"I wouldn't talk so much about that,"
he said. "It's a secret."

"And what's the news from the
front?" said Clara gayly. Kerr gave
her a brief report, and then the major
blinked as if the allusion had got
to him.

"I mean the mystery—the Chat-
worth ring," she explained.

"No news, whatever, my dear Mrs.
Britton."

She smiled. "We're all rather in-
terested in the mystery. Flora has
made a dozen romances about it."

"Oh, yes, yes," said the major indi-
genently. "It will do for young ladies
to make romances about it. It'll be a
two days' wonder, and then you'll sud-
denly find out it's something very
tame indeed."

"Why, they fixed the sus-
pect?" said Clara.

"There was a restless movement
from Kerr."

"No, nothing of that sort," said
the major quickly.

Harry passed his hand through his
hair. "May I see you for five min-
utes, ma'am?"

The excellent major looked har-
assed.

"Suppose we all step—

to the house," he suggested.

"Why, you're not going, man?" he ob-
jected; for Kerr had taken back a step, and
lifted his hat and balanced cane, was sig-
naling his farewells.

"Do let us go up to the house," said
Clara. "And Mrs. Purdie won't you
drive up with me? Flora wants to

watch it."

Flora stood up. She had a confused
impression that she had expressed no
such desire, and that there was room

for three in the landau; and as the
teeth were solid gold, and as he

was to great inconvenience without
his teeth—he had offered a liberal re-
ward for their return. One advantage

is that this town will get the best

cleaning it has had for many a day."

Harry was already moving up the
board walk with the major. The

sun.

carriage was turning. Kerr looked at
the backs of the two women being
driven away, and then at Flora. "Very
good," he said, raising her parasol;
"you are the deposited heir, and I am
your faithful servant."

"But indeed I do want to walk," she
protested, a little shy at the way he
read her case.

"But you didn't think of it until she
gave you the suggestion, eh?" he quizzed.

Her cheeks were hot behind her
thin veil. They were strolling slowly
up the board walk, and for a moment
she could not look at him. She could
only listen to the flutter of the feathers
of the parasol carried above her head.

She felt herself small and stupid. She
could not understand what he could
see in her to come back to. Then she
gave a side glance at him. She was
an unsmiling profile. The lines in his
face were indeed extraordinary, but
none was hard. She liked that won-
derful mobility that had survived the
batterings of experience.

As if he were conscious of her eyes
he looked down and smiled; but vaguely.
He did not speak; and she was
aware that it was at her appear-
ance he had smiled, as if that only
reached him through his preoccupa-
tion and pleasure.

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Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

A CAT AND DOG SKIRMISH

In Which the Cunning and Resourceful Cat Won by Superior Strategic Ability.

"I never fancied cats very much," said a limited lover of nature, "but certainly the cat is a fairly courageous animal and more than ordinarily shrewd and resourceful and so it's quite likely to be able to hold its own against an enemy much larger and more powerful than itself."

"Here was a yellow cat moving at a walk leisurely across the street while at the same time there was coming along this block a dog. When the dog saw the cat it started for it as fast as it could go, and when the cat saw the dog it turned on full power at once and fairly jumped to clear the remaining space to the other side of the street, where it halted with its back against a tall iron picket fence and faced the dog."

"Instantly the dog jumped for the cat, but even more quickly up went the cat's paw to sweep the air downward, and a cat's claws are very sharp and a dog's nose is very tender and delicate, and the dog didn't close. In a moment he jumped for the cat again, but again the cat claved him off, or the fear of the claws was enough to make the dog shy again."

"But the next time evidently the dog was going to close in and rough house things and take the chances; and do you know what the cat did now? The cat is a very compressible creature; it can get through a very small space; and, now, this particular yellow cat backed in between two of those iron pickets to the inner side of the fence; but it didn't run away. It stayed right there, close to the inner side of the fence, which the dog couldn't get through, and when the dog came up for that last time the cat struck at it again through the fence with that swift, silent sweep of its paw, swung that time, as it seemed, with a sort of savagely cool contemptuousness. Then the foolish dog ran away."

"We may not fancy the cat, but we should err if we failed to give it at least some measure of admiration for the shifty ability with which it holds its own against its natural enemy."

HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

Wives No Longer Mope at Home While Husband Spends His Time at the Club.

If wives continue to grow sensible at the present rate, the time will come when everybody will know "how to be happy, though married." Time was when the picture of the wife moping at home, while the husband took his night off at the club, was a true one. It isn't so these days, a writer declares.

When the modern husband says to the modern wife, "My dear, I'm going to come at the club Thursday night; I may be rather late," the modern wife says cheerfully, "Very well, dear," and sits down to invite invitations to a dozen or so of her friends for a nice little hen party for Thursday night.

And there's just as good a time at the hen party as the husband is having at the club, too. There is a perfect little dinner of the most expensive delicacies of the season, and then there is bridge. And who worries about what her husband is doing at the club when there is bridge to be played? Not the modern wife.

They play for stakes at these hen parties, too. In fact, all the comforts of the club, to change an old saying a little, are fast being appropriated by these poor deserted wives.

Chrysanthemums.
Chrysanthemums stand fourth in commercial importance among flowers. Only the rose, the violet and the carnation surpass them, and that chiefly because the chrysanthemum season is so short, while the others can be had from the florist nearly the whole year round. Greece gave us the name. Chrysanthemum means "golden flower." But the name was invented long before the big butter-yellow globes were known in the occult. It referred to the prevailing gold in the small varieties that were known. Strangely enough, the first chrysanthemum brought into Europe was not gold, but purple. It was a small flower about two inches across, shaped like an aster. Somebody took it to Europe from China in 1790, and, presto, the modern history of chrysanthemums was begun. Argonaut.

Real Reading.
In anything fit to be called by the name of reading, the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gaze over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the personal, our mind filled with the blustery, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep, or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should run therefore forward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story, if it be a story, repeat itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Training Speaking Voices.
Listen to your own voices and try to hear how it sounds. Say a few words and listen. If you are not pleased, try again. Take the most melodious voice you know for a model and try to imitate the intonation or manner of speaking. It is the intonation that betrays the cultivated person more than the beauty of the voice itself, but quality will follow when the voice is properly supported by the breath and inflection.

WASP IS FRIEND OF MINERS

Active in Ridding Cabins of the Pest of Spiders and Therefore Well-comes and Protected.

The miners of Colorado, who have built cabins on the mountain sides, know what a pest the small brown wood-spider proves to be. They throw their webs over your best clothes, cooking utensils and in every corner, where you can get them in your eyes and mouth. Not only that, but they will drop into the frying pan, water bucket, or upon the table where you are eating. But nature furnished a remedy and a friend when she gave the spider hawk. The name is given by miners to a small, steel-blue wasp, almost three-fourths of an inch in length. He can easily be recognized, by the quick, nervous strokes of his wings. They build a nest up among the rafters of your cabin, of wood-pulp or furze from the outer coating of old, dead trees. Then they are ready for business. Every few minutes you can see your hawk climb up the rafters with a spider, sometimes carrying one to four or five times its own weight. Sometimes they get a spider so heavy that they will fall many times before they succeed in reaching their nest. They never give up, but keep on trying until they succeed. When the spider is safely placed in the nest, the female hawk deposits her egg in the dead body. The hawks live only in pairs, as far as observation goes. They become rather tame, and seem to be obliged to you for building the spider-trap for their benefit.

SENSIBLE MOTHER OF BOYS

Had Made Up Her Mind to Welcome Daughters-in-Law and Love Them.

No small number of men and women are acquiring sons and daughters-in-law these days, and the thought of it brings to mind the conversation of two women, one the mother of a boy, the other the mother of four of them.

E. O. Kelley, Lansing Mich., 311 Washburn St.

Said the first:

"It will not be long now until Jim will want to be marrying. I dread the thought of it."

"Why?" questioned the mother of the four.

"I may not care for the girl."

"Well," said the other, "when my boys were small, I figured it out in this way: If my boy could see enough in some girl to love her, marry her, and be willing to spend the rest of his days with her, surely there must be something in that girl I could find to like. I went on through the years expecting to love those four girls because they were the loved of my boys, and it has worked. I've got the four daughters-in-law now, and I love them dearly for their own sakes. But I don't believe I would have had I dreaded the day."

Just a little place for the parents and parents-in-law of the brides and grooms to ponder over.

Mrs. M. I. Brown.

Mrs. M. I. Brown, mistress of the Butler House, Lansing, Mich., says:

"One year ago I was in very poor health, sick and weak from that much dreaded disease, kidney trouble, called Bright's Disease by physicians."

I have taken about one dozen bottles of San-Jak and have no symptoms of old trouble to annoy me. I give this letter for the benefit it may be to others.

E. S. Hough.

E. S. Hough, Ex-Judge of Probate, Lapeer, Mich., says:

"I bought a bottle of San-Jak from P. A. Snowman, the druggist of Lapeer. I felt I was 100 years old with great distress of the stomach and a drowsy, sleepy feeling, which the medicine has corrected. I cheerfully permit the use of this letter for the benefit of others."

Edgar S. Hough,

Lapeer, Mich., March 10, 1908.

Mrs. T. H. Curtis, R. F. D. No. 2,

Lapeer, says: "I wish to tell you how much good your San-Jak has done me. I have had the rheumatism and liver trouble 17 years. Sometimes my feet and limbs were swollen so I could not wear my shoes. I have taken one and a half bottles of your remedy. The pain has all gone down. The pain is gradually left and the stiff joints are getting more limber. I think three or four bottles of your San-Jak will cure me completely. Mere thanks in words is a feeble way of telling how grateful I feel for the benefits bestowed upon me by your medicine."

Kind-Hearted.

It was a sweet sight. Private Jones was feeding his horse with lumps of sugar. There was no stint.

The colonel stood by, visibly affected.

"I'm very pleased to see you so kind to your horse, Jones," he said, at length. "You will be sure to find that the animal appreciates your thoughtfulness. I shall remember this."

Private Jones touched his hat, and the colonel dissolved. Then Private Jones wiped his honest brow, and turned—a brother soldier.

"Well, if that ain't a bit of bloomin' luck!" he murmured. "Why, the beast threw me this mornin', and I'm tryin' to give him the rugin' toothache!"

We will give \$100 to any church or charitable institution if these testimonies are not genuine.

Have you Kidney, Liver, Stomach or Bladder Trouble?

Are you a Rheumatic, with Backache, Varicose and Swollen Limbs?

Take Dr. Burnham's SAN-JAK

It restores the aged to health

and youth. No remedy equal to

San-Jak as a blood tonic. The

tired feeling leaves you like

magic.

J. F. Roe, 41 E. Main St., Battle Creek, says: I wish to state that your San-Jak cured me of Bright's disease after the local doctors said I could not live.

It appears that an article of the

French code, passed in 1835 prohibits

the sale of spurious tobacco or other

substances to be sold as tobacco, and

was intended to prevent competition

with the state monopoly.

Silk Hat Temperature.

Men who wear silk hats know that

the temperature inside the hat is

much higher than outside, but it has

remained for a French physician to

measure the difference. He has dis-

covered that when the thermometer

registers 90 degrees in the shade in

the outer air it stands at 108 degrees

in the silk hat, and that when it is 68

degrees outside it is 88 inside. From

these differences he concludes that the

unnatural heat causes many nervous

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SOME MAN SOME DAY

May Make A Medicine To Cure Bright's Disease Rheumatism, Stomach And Bladder Trouble The Equal of

SAN-JAK

But Not Yet

It Is The Only Medicine Which Enables You To Keep A Perfect Balance Between The Eliminations And Renewals of The Body.

Decay Of The Body In Old Age Is Unnatural.

Permanent wasting of the system can be avoided by taking San-Jak making each day a birthday, for the person who has a bottle of this great medicine on-hand. Read and learn how to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lame Back and Stomach Diseases.

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